Prisca Yangambi

Give Me a Chance

I went to a very small school from kindergarten to eighth grade. I think it’s safe to say I was always considered a determined student. I did all my homework, I rarely caused a disturbance in class, and I always tried to shine. I wanted a bright future for myself much like the children in Savage Inequalities. No student ever wants to assume that their superiors think any less of them.

In eighth grade around the time where high school was the talk of the classroom I heard about a placement exam for Classical High School that I had missed out on. This was a placement exam that put freshmen in higher classes at the start of the school year. I was so anxious about this exam that I missed out on. First thing Monday morning I had to go and chat with my principal, he walks into my classroom and I find this as my chance to talk to him. As I’m talking to my principal giving him all the background information I had gathered, he finally tells me “We’re teaching everything you need to know, so there is no way you would be advanced” I calmly just looked at him and looked away.

It’s one thing to sell a child fake dreams but it’s another to shut a child down from an opportunity. I appreciate that moment but then for the principal to put me under this glass ceiling really bothered me. It is not genuine for you to look at a child and tell them that you being at a higher education level is impractical. Why would the principal allow me to go all the way to eighth grade hear that I go accepted into classical and not even give me the respect to tell me about the placement exam. I never even had a chance much like the kids in Chapter two of savage inequalities. They are already failures before they even pass kindergarten. Everybody knows their faith and treat them as such.